And this word *Loue*, which graybeardes tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchie day for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefulll of his life:
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, and Hastinges, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englandes royall throne,
Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foe-men like to *Autumes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three folde renowmd,
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne:
And two *Northumberlands*: two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
Wth them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* & *Montague*,
That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion,
And made the forrest tremble when they roard:
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seate,
And made our footestoole of securitie.
Come hither *Bess*, and let me kisse my Boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our Armours watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That